

RESTORATION

VOL. VIII.

COMBERMERE, ONTARIO—OCTOBER, 1955

No. 11.

Recreation Forced on Our Lay Missionaries

By Mamie Legris

MARYHOUSE, WHITEHORSE, YUKON — All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy and Jill a dull girl. If the staff at Maryhouse are dull it is not because they have not recreated. When you consider that we are nearly four thousand miles from home, fifteen hundred miles from Edmonton and as far from Vancouver, you would naturally conclude that holidays were out. But such is not the case.

Msgr. Gallant of Skagway, visited us recently, and invited Louie to spend his holidays at Pius X Mission in Skagway. Louie was delighted and honored.

Mrs. Delaney dropped in one afternoon to say that she and her husband were motoring to Regina in a month's time and if one of us wished to go "Outside", we would be most welcome. So it was decided that Kay would go as far as Edmonton and spend her holidays at Marian Centre with Dot, Teresa and Jim.

Father Triggs phoned one evening to say that Mr. and Mrs. McDonald were motoring to Dawson City in a day or two and would be glad to take me along. And as though that were not enough, I was presented with a cheque and instructions to use the money as we wished during our holidays. What more could we ask for?

Kay and Louie are still on vacation and I am looking forward to their return. It will be so good to have them home and of course I'm anxious to get a blow by blow description of their holidays. Every trip you take in this country is interesting enough to write a book on, but I am going to give you only a capsule account of my trip to Dawson in the heart of the Klondike.

To reach the famous Gold City you do not follow the Alaska Highway but travel over a gravel road by way of Lake Laberge where Sam McGee was cremated, then on to Carmacks where you cross the Yukon River by ferry, and further on the Pelly and Stewart Rivers in the same way. All the ferries were operated by local Indians.

Eating Can Be Enjoyed

The four hundred-mile trip was interesting and breathtaking and the McDonalds were the most congenial people in the world to travel with. There were very few people living along that road but there were some service stations where you could refuel and eat. We had lunch with us to save time and also in case of emergency. What a thrill it was to eat on the bank of the famous Klondike River; and, shortly afterwards, to pass by the once fabulous gold mines of Eldorado and Bonanza on the outskirts of Dawson City.

Dawson, which once had a population of fifty thousand, now has five hundred inhabitants. In the Gold City there is still dredging for gold; and several million dollars worth is taken out each year. During the summer you are likely to meet tourists from any

part of the world. In the tourist season a refurbished stern-wheeler, now a luxury cruise ship, the Klondike, makes regular trips from Whitehorse down the Yukon River to Dawson. The return trip takes about seven days and costs something over two hundred dollars.

When the boat reaches Dawson the Reception Committee, dressed in the costumes of '98, welcomes the tourists. A sightseeing bus takes them to various points of interest, such as the hospital, Robert Service's cabin, the museum, the dredges and the "Dome", from which an excellent view of the city can be gotten. In the evening the tourists are treated to "Klondike Night", which consists of games and dancing. At midnight the boat leaves for Whitehorse. The Lord Mayor of London was on the last boat.

The Old and The New

While in Dawson, I was a guest of the Sisters of St. Anne. They have a unique place in this northern town. When a fire destroyed their one hundred bed hospital in 1950 they got permission to use some government buildings in which to carry on their work of charity. One building, the former court house is now a twenty-five bed hospital, as modern, and as well equipped, as you would see in any big city. The other building, which was once the governor's residence now has a home for aged men, a chapel, and the living quarters for the sisters and nurses. The grounds are spacious and well kept.

What struck me most about Dawson was the luxurious vegetation. In the long sunny summer days plants mature quickly and gardeners take advantage of it to get a supply of vegetables for the winter. The finest garden I saw, the one owned by the Sisters. Sister Mary Jean, the Superior, was the chief gardener. There were huge heads of lettuce, cauliflower, and cabbage. There were peas, broccoli, beans, beets, Brussels sprouts, etc. In the green-

house were tomato plants at least seven feet high loaded with green and ripening tomatoes. Large cucumbers hung from the vines.

Tons of Food

These vegetables are always kept indoors because of the constant danger of frost throughout the summer. Last year Sister raised over four tons of potatoes. She hoped to have more this year. The garden requires a tremendous amount of work. But what a pleasure to sit down to a meal of fresh vegetables, and to have a variety you could never buy in this north country! Sister had many varieties of pretty flowers too.

I was fortunate to be in Dawson on Discovery Day, August 17, the fifty-ninth anniversary of the discovery of gold in the Yukon. It was a Territorial holiday and was fittingly celebrated. The program was sponsored by "Yoop" (Yukon Order of Pioneers) and people from all over attended.

There were floats depicting scenes from the Gold Rush days. Many of the old timers marched in the parade and those who were unable to walk were taken in cars. There was a horticultural show from which Sr. Jean carried off twenty prizes. There were displays of needle work and handicraft, much of which had been done by the Indian people. There were races and ball games. Young and old enjoyed Discovery Day.

There are many other interesting points I could mention about Dawson but this article will give you a general idea of this historical city and also show you that a holiday in the Yukon is like a holiday any place else. You can learn a great deal.

FEAST OF SAINT THERESA

OCTOBER 15
1930—1955

THE
STAFF
VISITING VOLUNTEERS
GUESTS
OF
MADONNA HOUSE
EXTEND
WARMEST WISHES
TO "B"
ON HER
SILVER ANNIVERSARY
IN THE
APOSTOLATE

Christ Still Marches With Bleeding Feet

By Dorothy M. Phillips

MARIAN CENTRE, EDMONTON, ALTA.—In a little over three months, more than eight thousand hungry people have walked through the blue door of Marian Centre and have been fed; some as many as four servings. If we were to go into statistics on the number of meals served we would find ourselves running close to the twelve thousand mark.

While we wondered from day to day what we would be serving the following, God in His great bounty always provided. Never before did I know how many varieties of stew there are. We have had chicken stew and fish stew, and tomorrow we will be having wild duck stew.

Fish and Duck

Our fish stew consisted of one large thirty-two pound salmon trout which was donated. From the number of times our brothers in Christ came back for second helpings, we were assured that it had turned out all right. This week we have received two separate donations of wild ducks.

Sadness overwhelms us constantly at the plight of Christ in His poor, for these men are truly destitute. They are so like Christ. They have no place to lay their head. We are reminded of Paris, with men sleeping along the river banks, underneath the High Level bridge, in box cars, and even in pipes. Yesterday morning, after a night in which the temperature dropped to within one degree of the freezing point, shivering, sick men came in for the warmth of food and shelter. Most of them also needed extra clothing.

Our dining room seats between twenty five and thirty, so while the first in line ate, the others stood shivering in the cold. This is but a small sample of what we know will happen in the winter.

They Eat and Run

These men are like unto Christ in other ways also. They are kind, gentle and considerate of us and each other. On cold raw days they eat quickly in order to give their less fortunate brothers their seats. How often they make me think of the times, on a short lunch hour, I have stood waiting for a seat in a restaurant while people leisurely lit up their dessert cigarettes. The contrast is marked.

Our Clothing room does a "roaring business". Many of the men have no underwear at all and their shoes are completely worn out. With about forty people coming in daily for clothing, our supply is never adequate. If anyone

should happen to have any warm underwear hidden away we would certainly be glad to accept it. The address is Marian Centre, 10613 - 95th St., Edmonton, Alta.

With the harvest, the number of men coming daily has diminished from 145 daily average to approximately eighty. Most of the men are elderly brothers in Christ, men physically unable to work. Some, whom we fed earlier in the summer and who are now working, come back to see us and give us small donations out of their pay checks. Some have sent donations through the mail. And some have merely written to express their gratitude and let us know they are progressing in their work.

When we were so rushed that I did not have time to write, I could have written stories that might have shocked many people. However, God help us, even tragedy becomes commonplace when one sees so much of it.

It is no longer unusual to see bleeding, swollen and blistered feet. It is no longer unusual to see young, middle aged and old men coming in after having spent the night outside, or during a rainy day crippled, sick and hungry.

One of them said, "God is good and God is just. I have had so much misery in life I know Heaven will be mine".

We have discovered many things in these three short months.

Did you know that if you are forced to sleep outside on a cold night two precautions must be taken? The first one is to take off your shoes or your feet will surely freeze. The second is to make sure to wrap yourself up in brown paper, otherwise you are in danger of freezing yourself.

Pray for God's poor, and PLEASE PRAY FOR US!



RESTORATION

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FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

by Eddie Doherty

Romance is the essence of Madonna House, as many people know. Here men and women learn to love God, and discover how much God loves them.

But this is not the only romance that clings to it, this romance between the Lord of heaven and the creatures of this earth. There are also the romances that develop between men and women-- the kind that keeps the heart of the world pulsating.

This is the story of Frances Dahm, and others. This is the story of many romances, all culminating within one exciting week at Madonna House last month.

Frances had come from San Diego, California, to attend the Summer School of Catholic Action. She heard of the Lay Apostolate, and was eager to see it in operation. Friends and relatives sought to dissuade her. She really didn't know anything about Madonna House. She would probably be disappointed. It was likely she would spend all that time and money for nothing. Weren't there places much nearer where she could study Catholic Action? At least, shouldn't she make a thorough investigation before traveling nearly 5,000 miles? Combermere? What was it after all? Only a wee hamlet in the back bush. And Madonna House was probably as insignificant and crude!

Charms And The Man

Frances learned a lot during the first two weeks of the summer school course. And there was something in the atmosphere of the place, she says, that made her decide to stay another week, the week devoted to Mary.

Now during that week the young man appeared, a tall red-head named Kelvin MacDougall; a strong, happy handsome fellow with a great devotion to Our Lady-- and an eye for a pretty girl.

Life quickened for both of them. Each had been thinking, quite seriously, of becoming religious. Frances had not quite decided on the convent she would enter or what Lay Apostolate she would join. Kelvin, though he had been considering the Jesuit Order as his vocation, was not quite sure he was meant to be a priest. Each, it might be said-- as it may be said of almost everybody else in Madonna House-- had come to clarify a vocation.

Now--

One beautiful Summer afternoon, Frances, sitting on the sands of the beach, realized she had actually found her vocation. Kelvin had asked her to marry him. He was out there in the bright blue, Madawaska, sporting with a

dozen boys and girls, and, no doubt, wondering what answer Frances would give him.

Papyrus, Paper, Bark

Frances picked up a small piece of birch bark that had been lying near her in the sand, and began to play with it.

Eventually she swam out to join the water party, now clustered about the big red raft. She made a neat dive, and came up quite close to the red-head she had been seeking. She put the birch bark into his hands and swam away. He didn't understand, at first. Then he saw there was something written on the scroll. He read it, gave a great whoop of joy, and tore through the water in an effort to overtake the girl. She had written only one word, but it was enough to change his whole life. She had written "Yes"; and then she had made a few x's-- which, probably, had no particular meaning.

The other boys and girls in Madonna House knew all about this romance, though they pretended not to. They knew, because they could not help hearing the two talking to each other as they swam. How loudly and clearly some words carry across the water!

At the same time they were interested in the approaching marriage of "Blondy" and "Riccardo," two old friends of Madonna House.

To Wed Or Not To Wed

They were old in friendship but young in years. Blondy -- Lorraine Fecteau, had been a staff worker in Madonna House; but she wasn't sure of her vocation after she met Riccardo-- whose name, by the way, isn't Riccardo at all. His name is Ronald Hay. Blondy left Madonna House, but gave herself a year or so to make sure her vocation was matrimony, and Ronald Hay was the man she was meant to marry.

Ronald, a native of Trinidad, a graduate of St. Francis Xavier University in Antigonish, is an engineer; and he has done much for Madonna House. He built St. Martha's, for instance. He built a road, which is still called "Riccardo Boulevard". And he installed several heating systems in our various houses. We call him "Riccardo" because he looks like a swashbuckling swordsman-- the type the name conjures up.

"Blondy and Riccardo"-- we had spoken of them as a couple for many many months-- were married from Madonna House in the parish church by Rev. Fr. A. P. Dwyer, our pastor. Rev. Fr. J. T. Callahan said the Nuptial Mass. The wedding breakfast and rec-

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WHERE LOVE IS -- GOD IS

Much has been written, and much will yet be written about the Rosary, that simple, profound, almost unfathomable prayer to the gracious Mother of God, which takes her children again and again on a pilgrimage of her life, and that of Her Son... until, through it, the life of man and God becomes one.. Yet, there is another "Rosary" that many of us miss completely. It is one that lies right at our feet, day by day, hour by hour, on the road all of us must travel-- THE ROAD TO GOD. It is a strange Rosary. Its mysteries embrace the life of Christ and His Mother, in the Mystical Body His Church. Behold:

THE JOYFUL MYSTERIES-- THE ANNUNCIATION: A woman. A man. A Child. Most of us "pray" that mystery by living it. For it is the "mystery" of every family. How different would our homes be, how quickly would many of our social, psychological, financial, emotional problems be solved, if we blended our whole married life, with the first joyful Mystery of the Rosary.

THE VISITATION--Again mankind's life. For all of us "go on visitations", our relations to our friends and neighbours, were rooted in the same motives that took a slender fifteen year old girl on a long hazardous journey to see her cousin Elisabeth.

THE NATIVITY--The birth of a Child, any child anywhere. Ours, and someone else's. The whole concept of children's welfare, education and environment, would become loving, deeply christian, and understanding IF, in each childbirth we saw Bethlehem and Christ!

THE PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE--The first example of broad, complete obedience to duly constituted authority. A "mystery", specially to be meditated on by government officials and by people. Nations would be freed of fears if on the high plane of international relationship they would make and accept them as the sinless Mary did when holding the Divine Infant Creator of all things, she submitted herself and Him, humbly and obediently, to the laws of Her land.

FINDING OF JESUS IN THE TEMPLE--Sorrow and death, separation, and loss, would become bearable, nay almost sweet if we remembered this fifth joyful Mystery of the Rosary, and made it our own.... The faith would become reality; and we would know that in God all separation ends, all loss is retrieved, all sorrows are healed.

SORROWFUL MYSTERIES

THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN--Is there anyone living, who has not been in that Garden of Desolation? How many have never come out of it, or have perished because they chose to be alone there instead of to kneel by the side of the Man of Sorrow who sweated blood for love of them? To pray out our agonies with Christ, and to Christ in this Mystery is to begin to possess that peace He promised which, surpasses all understanding.

THE FLAGELLATION--Who of us who has not been "flagellated" by sickness, pain, incredible and harsh trials? Why waste all this wealth? Why not receive it from the hands of God? side by side with His Son. Why not immerse oneself with Him, be one with Him in this second sorrowful mystery that holds the secret of so many unanswered human questions? Let us try.... and the answer will come.

THE CROWNING OF THORNS--Lift your hand man, and touch your own head, or that of a neighbor, and each will reveal its own "crown of thorns," invisible but real. Poverty, personality problems, work difficulties, loneliness, frustrations, doubts, their name is legion. Tightly woven, the crown is there. How to endure it? How to remove it? Once more the Rosary of our own days, which lies ahead at our feet in the dust of our road to God, is there to be prayed with that Rosary of beads, that holds the secrets of life, death, and love.

THE CARRYING OF THE CROSS--Need anyone even speak of this? The cross lays heavily at times, on all weak lacerated shoulders. We cannot throw it off. Our life itself is cruciform, do we wish it to be or not? Yet if we carry it step by step, with Him who fell under the weight of His, we shall be eased of its heaviness.

THE CRUCIFIXION--That too is our lot. To be crucified on the cross of life. Of pain. Of circumstances. Of family. Of a thousand, thousand things. Are we going to be like the thief on the right of Him or the left of Him? If we pray this darkest "mystery" of all, we shall know joy incredible and live in the warmth of constant light.

GLORIOUS MYSTERIES

THE RESURRECTION--If we bend and pick up the Rosary of our days, and blend it with the Rosary of the lives of Mary and Jesus, we shall experience the resurrection of spirit and of flesh many times on earth. It will be a foretaste of the resurrection to come. Endless are these little resurrections. Recovery from illness. Insoluble problems solved. Oh so many others! if we pray.

THE ASCENSION--Hope of the hopeless. No abyss is so deep, no degradation so complete, that there is no hope for ascension from it. If only those who think all is over, and are tempted to take their lives would pray this Mystery well! They would see then and touch their own ascension from the depths of despair.

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The B's Corner

Lately I have had occasion to participate in quite a few discussions about the heart, the essence, the substance of the Lay Apostolate of Catholic Action. This with what one could call "professionals" in that field. Meaning people of both sexes, who had been part of some form of the Apostolate and belonged, at least for a period of over two years to a Lay Apostolate Group in the U.S.A. or Canada.

The discussions were most interesting, especially when compared with those I had in Rome during the Lay Apostolic Congress of 1951. The first marked difference was that on this side of the ocean Lay Apostles still consider their "works" the spring board, the essence, almost the goal of the apostolate.

Action Shapes Thought

True, all agree in general and particular that the first principle of any apostolate is the sanctification of its members according to the spiritual pattern of their apostolate, and the final goal -- obviously and generally -- is the Restoration of the World to Christ. But most start with the work end of it, and from there go to the sanctification and restoration. In a word "action" still dominates their thinking. This is so, at least with those with whom these discussions were held.

In Rome, where Europe, especially the Latin countries and parts of Asia were well represented; and where we of North America had but little representation, the opposite held true.

All Apostolic groups, over there, bluntly and firmly stated that the first point, the essence, the heart of the matter, was a clear-cut and unmistakable definition of THE BEING BEFORE THE LORD.

WHAT WAS THEIR VOCATION?--And was their apostolate truly a vocation, a stable way of life embraced because of a firm conviction that such was the will of God for the individual? Part and parcel of this clarification, of this BEING BEFORE THE LORD, was personal sanctification, and the **FORMATION OF EACH INDIVIDUAL APOSTLE**--their training for that vocation, that manner (peculiar, yet broadly similar, of course, to each group) of being before God!

Being or Doing First?

The "works of the Apostolate", naturally, were part and parcel of that sanctification; but they were considered secondary to the above, and were clearly defined as **DOING FOR GOD**... They were considered the fruits of the Being before Him. All agreed that theirs was THE **VOCATION TO LOVE**, even as it was the vocation of Religious, Priests, and, in fact, all baptized Catholics. However, for the Lay Apostolate of Catholic Action, this vocation to love, had very specific connotations--for it had to be followed IN THE **MARKET PLACES OF THE WORLD**--being in the world, and in part of it, yet not of it.

It was therefore felt very strongly that the utmost clarity must reign in each apostolate as to its foundation--to vocation, and the manner of life it presented, whether complete dedication or partial. And because of the tremendous pressures, and difficulties of the place where

(Continued on Page Four)

A Slip of the Pen?

It isn't often we get a chance to humble ourselves, since we are always so darned accurate. But this is the opportunity-- in a letter from one of our own: "Dear Ed: We have been painfully surprised to notice that your usually so-well-informed newspaper has erroneously stated the names of the inmates of 'Birdie's Pig Motel.' We are always happy to open our doors to the press in general and in particular to Restoration; but we are overwhelmed by this gross error! It is our great pleasure to inform you of the names of the inhabitants of the said motel-- Faith, Hope, Charity, Peace, and Joy! We do not recognize the names of Justice and Kindness you mentioned." It was signed "Sincerely, Mary Davis, Farmerette."

Restoration is sorry for its hideous mistake; and wishes the Farmerette and all those nearest and dearest to her, the finest hams and bacon in Faith, Hope, Charity, Peace, and Joy! The editor can add, in an aside to Miss Davis "Faith, I hope that in your charity you'll save me a little piece of Joy."

FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

(Continued from Page Two)

ception was held at Madonna House. And it was at this breakfast and reception that the announcement of the engagement of Frances and Kelvin was made.

Creature or Creator

But these are "natural" romances. In the same week one of our boys, Leigh Burke, in love with God and convinced he should serve Him in the priesthood, left for the seminary. At the same time another young man, and five young women, showed their love of God by publicly making application to become Staff Workers in the Lay Apostolate of Madonna House.

The week ended with Mary-Tay Langlois' leaving Madonna House for the great adventure of Edmonton. Here she was assistant-director. There she will be a "sort of missionary" in the market place. She will know the actuality of succoring Christ in the poor. There was in her, as she left, much of the feeling that animates the newly ordained priest. He will no longer keep the rules of the seminary, the training school.

He is now equipped to accomplish the full ministry of the priesthood, and free to apply all the techniques he has learned.

There was also in Mary, you will understand, the same thrill felt by Frances when she pledged her word on the birch bark; the same thrill known by Blondy when at the altar, the wedding ring was blessed and put upon her finger. She too was engaged. She too was a bride of Christ, and ready to show her love in every way she could.

Romance? It is the very heart of Madonna House; and it keeps beating constantly, thank God; now fast, now slow, but always strongly, and always-- we hope-- in unison with the heart beats of Mary and her Son.

Marian Centre
10613 95 St.
Edmonton, Alta.

THE LATEST HOUSE OF OUR LADY SENDS GREETINGS TO "B" ON HER SILVER JUBILEE

Dot
Tess
Jim
Marite

A NEW SONG

By J. T. C.

In the Sixteenth Sunday after Pentecost, there is found in the Tract and Gradual a phrase that often occurs in the liturgy, "Cantate Dominum novum canticum, quia mirabilia fecit,"—"Sing to the Lord a new song, because He has done wonderful things".

This statement of scripture can be considered particularly apt for the Lay Apostolate, and we may consider it in both an objective and subjective light.

Objectively, the Lord has spoken through his Vicar, the Pope, and called into being a new song from his bride, the Church, a song that has not been heard in the past centuries. It is the vocation of the Lay Apostolate, of men and women, living in the world, dedicated and totally consecrated to His work, and the extension of His Kingdom. It is a new song that is heard on the face of the earth, with different melodies than the religious life of nuns and monks, or priests. And its harmonies are pleasing to His ears.

Subjectively, the Lay Apostolate is a vocation. And those who work in it are singing this new song before the Face of the Lord. A song presumes and pre-supposes joy and happiness and peace in the heart; and so this question is couched as a command. "Sing ye a new song to the Lord!"

The reason why the Lay Apostles should raise their voice in joyous spiritual song is also given--because "He has done wondrous things". The Lord has done wondrous things both in the summoning and calling of these special souls, and has expanded, enlarged, and amplified their works in number across the face of the earth, which is indeed "a wonderful thing". Moreover, within the hearts of these apostolic men and women, He also has done great things to permit them to labor in His vineyard, to bear the heat and sweat of the day, to endure misunderstanding from their own and others, and to persevere with great faith and charity.

Of course, every song that is sung to the Lord is a love song!

THIS YEAR HAD NO SEPTEMBER

By E. J. D.

You may or may not have noticed there were two recent issues of Restoration, each dated August, 1955, and each purporting to be Vol. VIII, No. 9. Well, that was of course, because there wasn't any September provided for in this year.

I do remember a September sort of day, with the bees covering a bowl of crab-apple jelly Wanda was putting up, in the out-of-doors grill and alfresco kitchen; and the good Lord trying a few bright colors on some of the trees and bushes; and things like that. But I realized, after all, it was just the second August and not September at all.

We figured, at first, to do something about the mysterious disappearance of the whole month of September, otherwise people would think we had been careless, that we had even made a mistake! That, naturally, had to be avoided at all costs. We had to convince the world we really had two Augusts, and that getting out two different issues for Vol VIII, No. 9 was quite the thing to do, and therefore we had done it.

Fortunately, though, the mistake-- if you really insist on calling it such -- was nicely timed. For now we can, with a fairly good conscience, call this October issue Vol. VIII, No. 10. That will make November Vol. VIII, No. 11, and Dec. Vol. VIII, No. 12. This will bring us out even to the end of the year. So we can start our new format, beginning with the January Issue, and label it, more or less honestly, Vol. IX, No. 1.

A New Year. A new paper. It will be the same old Restoration, but in a different size.

Now that we have houses in Edmonton and Yukon, and more and more people--their numbers, thank God, keep increasing-- in Madonna House, we need more space. We are expanding. So the paper must expand too.

And to prove we have nothing against September, we shall put it back into 1956. You just wait and see!

Maryhouse
Whitehorse
Yukon Terr.

YUKON
AND WE
LOOK
FORWARD
TO
EXPANSION
AND
GROWTH
IN THE
NEXT
25
YEARS

--||--

OUR VERY BEST
TO "B"

Mamie
Kay
Louie

COMBERMERE

By C. D.

This month for our friends and readers. We thought that in this column-- we would give you a Combermere diary of "dates and doings", and bring you "up-to-date" on what has transpired since the closing of the Summer School on August 7th.

August 9th. . . The telephone system begins to be improved. Rom Maioni, the Young Christian Worker organizer from Toronto, had to be pressed into service to drive the ambulance today for a telephone lineman who fell from the top of a pole and broke his shoulder.

August 10th. . . Father Paul Gorieu, O.M.I., R.C.A.F. Chaplain, arrived, and we were all very happy to see him again. He and his friends in the West, in Winnipeg, have been very helpful to our Yukon and Edmonton groups.

August 12th. . . Father Jim DeWitt of Detroit arrived. His sister Shirlee, one of the Staff Workers, was most happy to see him.

August 13th. . . We missed a "Friday the 13th" by one day, but Mary Ruth wasn't able to miss a driver in the Bay who crumpled the fender on the truck.

August 14th. . . Paul Harris our famous "man-who-came to dinner" and stayed for six months, and who was married from here two years ago, arrived. He had with him the excellent photographs by Mr. Lecoz on Madonna House, and an accompanying script which he himself had written to submit to Jubilee magazine.

August 15th. . . A happy Feast Day, and a happy Birthday for 'B'. In the afternoon, Father Charles Conroy of Newfoundland, arrived. He had been here as a visiting volunteer back in 1949 and 1950. In the evening at Benediction Catherine O'Meara, a member of a French Secular Institute, Alice Thompson of Boston, and Rita Lucier of Windsor, became slaves of Mary.

August 18th. . . Dr. Karl Stern and his assistant, Dr. Voyer, showed an excellent movie on some psychiatric problems of children.

THIRD ORDER CHAPTER
August 19th. . . Father awa, came to erect formally the "Our Lady of Combermere Chapter" of Franciscan tertiaries.

August 20th. . . Father P. Granereau of France returned for his second visit. A patriarchal figure in black beret and flowing beard, he has devised an excellent educational system for rural areas, which the French Government considers very highly.

August 23rd. . . Four Carmelite tertiaries, and benefactors of Madonna House arrived from Chicago.

August 24th. . . We welcomed Father Lucien Robert of Edmonton, who has been living with our group at the Marian Centre. He gave us a first-hand account of the work being done there.

August 27th. . . Reverend Joseph Adeneye, a Negro priest from Nigeria, Africa, came to visit. He had just completed his doctorate in Canon Law in Rome, and is studying educational systems in Canada and the U.S. I think it is worthwhile quoting the letter that he subsequently sent to us after his visit--"I would like to thank

you for the warm reception and overwhelming hospitality you lavished on me during my short stay with you. The happy memory of the blissful atmosphere of Madonna House will linger long, yea, forever, in my mind and heart. It affords a practical definition, not only to the word Providence, and Resignation, but still more to that essential virtue: CHARITY. I really don't know which to admire more: the unpretending austerity of the house, the undiscriminating and friendly devotion of the members to one another, or the cheerful and efficient devotion to the most menial duties which are performed by everyone, irrespective of rank or status. All I can say is: Madonna House is wonderful. And I do hope its beneficial influence will sooner or later be felt in far-off Nigeria . . . in God's own time."

Old Friends And New

September 1st. . . Brother Gerard, a German sub-deacon of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, stayed overnight on his way to California, and ordination to the priesthood.

September 2nd. . . The group welcomed four friends who work with the Chicago Friendship House.

September 3rd. . . The Labor Day week-end brought an influx of many guests from Montreal, New York, Ottawa, and other cities.

September 5th. . . Father James McCormack of Killaloe Ontario, spent a few days here. It was good to welcome one of our neighboring priests.

September 6th. . . Father Emmett Murphy and Father Charles McCarthy of the faculty of St. Bernard's Seminary in Rochester, New York paid us a visit.

September 7th. . . Several other guests arrived, including Father Fred Perna of Toronto. Mary Kay Rowland and Elsie Whitley returned from their holidays. Marilyn Williamson, a new Staff Worker Applicant, came by the evening bus.

September 8th. . . The Birthday of Our Lady brought us a few more guests, including Mr. Nicholas Schorn, widely known for his work with the Block Rosary. In the evening Solemn Benediction was held and six new Staff Worker Applicants were formally received, while two other guests became Slaves of Mary. Our second honeymooning couple of the season used St. Patrick's cabin in the Cana Colony.

Sept 10th. . . At 10 a.m. in the Parish Church of the Holy Canadian Martyrs and the Sacred Heart of Jesus, Ronald Hay and Lorraine Fecteau were made one in the Holy Sacrament of Matrimony. The wedding breakfast was held in the dining room at Madonna House, beautifully decorated for the event in the blue and white of Our Lady. At the breakfast, Kelvin MacDougall and Frances Dahm announced their engagement. They are planning on being married here before Advent. The same week-end brought more than 20 guests.

September 12th. . . The Feast of the Holy Name of Mary. In the evening, a car with a Virginia license drove in, and four people from the Washington D.C. Friendship House came to spend a few days with us.

September 13th. . . Father Robert stopped in en route to Edmonton in time to join the "going away party" for Marité Langlois who has been assigned to the staff at Marian Centre.

September 15th. . . The Feast of the Seven Sorrows of Our Lady. We will close on a happy note, for on this day Mr. Ken Carl, who built our lovely chapel, began the long awaited work on the enlargement of our kitchen.

WHERE LOVE IS — GOD IS

(Continued from Page Two)

THE DESCENT OF THE HOLY GHOST—Constantly, daily, hourly, this mystery takes place. For constantly the Holy Ghost descends into the hearts of the Faithful. He enlightens and strengthens them with His Divine gifts and graces. Luminous and of beauty unsurpassed is His constant stream of light. Do we use this third glorious mystery in our drab days?

THE ASSUMPTION OF MARY—Body and Soul, She was taken to Heaven. So shall we too be reunited after the final judgment with our glorified bodies . . . in joy everlasting. But even now, today, tomorrow, day-by-day this mystery is lived by us. The mere thought that one of us, a creature, is there before the face of the Living Uncreated God, changes our attitude to our own flesh and makes it doubly hallowed. What an influence it would be on writers, and all that produce, if mankind prayed, meditated, made their own, this glorious mystery.

MARY CROWNED QUEEN OF HEAVEN—We are not alone. Our Days are not gray, drab, useless. We have a woman of flesh and blood, a Queen who was, just like us, a creature. Now is the moment to bend into the dust of our spiritual road to God, and to lift the Rosary of our whole lives, day by day, into Her Queenly Hands. It will be safe there, as safe as we ourselves will be if we are her own. She will transform our days with Her love and care . . . and in turn give them to God. Then we shall SEE GOD . . . AND BE ONE WITH HIM.

Yes, much has been written about that simple profoundly unfathomable prayer, and much will yet be written on it. But better than all writings is the PRAYING OF IT. IT ENTERS US INTO THE BOOK OF ETERNAL LIFE.

THE B's CORNER

(Continued from Page Two)

this vocation had to be lived, a most rigorous training, and one well thought out, had to be given to each member. Then, and only then, were the apostolic group overseas ready to enter the discussions on the overflowing of love, which is always service and works. Otherwise Faith would die.

Now A Clean Mind

Lately I was privileged to clarify my own thinking on the subject—for I had, in my own person, been torn asunder by these two approaches; the more so that I was a Russian, placed by God's most Holy Will in America and chosen by that same Will to be the foundress of the Lay Apostolate of Friendship House.

By nature and birth I was quite naturally drawn to the European approach to this problem. But, being a stranger in a strange land, yet feeling part of it already, I went slowly; feeling my way; hesitating here and there. It had to be that way at first, for in 1930, when Friendship Houses were founded, no one, not even the Hierarchy was clear on the question of Catholic Action. How could I be?

But in 1947, the now reigning Pope clarified the matter by presenting the Catholic World with his very own idea of the Pope's mind on the subject.

What Pius XII Says

This Secular Institute message, broad in outline immense in scope, and almost infinite in the varieties it suggests, brings vivid light into a field (on this side of

the ocean) where twilight, darkness, mists, and fogs reign alternately. No one who has read the Pope's message can escape the conclusions, which are few, but startlingly clear.

The Lay Apostolate of Catholic Action is a vocation, a stable way of life. Its primary obligations are to clarify this vocation, and to train its members for it, and for the works that flow from each particular Apostolate.

At no time does the Pope start with the "works" and proceed to adapt the inner spirit to it. The reverse is true.

It was interesting to listen to the reaction of various groups to the papal definition.

For some incomprehensible reason, a few felt it was not as clear cut as all this. But the majority were vastly relieved when the Pope's definitions were presented.

As to the "manner" in which these "works" are to be performed, the Pope is utterly silent, leaving this entirely to the groups themselves, accepting, as it were, any technique, any forms of them that will fulfill his burning desire of seeing the market places of the world infiltrated with the Charity of Christ radiating from the Apostolate.

To me, the matter seemed closed. I liked the discussions. Now all that is left, is to hope and pray that the light that comes from the Vicar of Christ may penetrate all the North American apostolates, which I feel sure it will, under the gentle guidance of Mary.

Mary-Tay Joins Marian Centre

Restoration is glad, yet sad, to announce that Miss Mary Theresa Langlois, assistant director at Madonna House, has gone to join the staff at Marian Centre, Edmonton, Alberta—to work with Dorothy Phillips, Theresa Fackler, and Jim Murphy in feeding the hungry, and in giving clothing and shoes to the ragged and tired brothers of Christ. She was badly needed there. (And others are still needed!)

Miss Trudy Cortens has been appointed assistant director in Marite's place. (Marité, or Mary-Tay- or Merité- the French spelling— is a pet name for Mary Theresa.)

A Puzzle And A Poem

There was a going-away party held for Mary the night before she left; and some of the staff workers wrote a number of songs for her. However they couldn't find much material to work with. They had wanted to put some sort of skit too, but there wasn't anything they could write a skit about. They went to Fr. Gene, a priest recuperating at Madonna House, and asked his advice. He couldn't give them any. But he had an idea. And so, after the songs had been sung, he read the following poem.

What is there to say
About our Mary-Tay
Now that we have reached
the day
For her to leave?
This simple question
Has brought indigestion
Of a sort
To many at Madonna House
Ever since the day
Departure dawned
For Mary-Tay.

Francoise sailed
Into the situation
As only she can sail --
With grim determination
And fervent aspiration.
Francoise failed,
As only she can fail,
And once more nailed
Herself,
Quite violently,
Though silently,
To her most cherished cross-
Frustration
And the loss
Of reputation.

Cathy tried,
And Terry tried,
And others vied
With one another,
Searching for a clue
To all the wondrous things
They knew
They ought to say
Concerning Mary-Tay.
If they could only find a way.

Brains were racked,
Books were sacked.
The hours,
Empty-handed, passed
And then, at last,
The verdict came:
"It is a shame
But we don't know
Just what to say
About our Mary-Tay."

It was a situation
Full of consternation
When Cathy came to me
In desperation.
"Father Gene," she said,
"We don't know what to say
So you'll just have to tell
Our Lady
She can have Her way
And say
Anything She wants to say
About this little one of Hers
Called Mary-Tay."

Our Lady seemed to smile
And say:
"The little ones are growing
small
And that's not all;
They're growing wise
And that's why they surmise
How little can be said
When one attempts to speak
of littleness —
How truly silent he must be
Who speaks of nothingness.
If they are truly nothing,
Then nothing can be said
about them.
That is why I'm pleased
today
Because I can't find much
to say
About my Mary-Tay.

"I see in her a lovely trace
Of all those countless
worlds of grace
The Lord of Lords has placed
in Me.
I placed in her this trace
Of grace;
I nurtured it, as mothers,
Until it grew
Into a thing of beauty.

"Tell them all to look and see
How Mary-Tay appears
to Me.
I see a child-like, loving
heart
So much in love with My
own Heart
That I, somehow, cannot
depart
From it.
I see a sweet and tender
smile,
I see so much that is
worthwhile —
A mirror,
Possibly,
Reflecting Me —
A trace
Of Mary's grace
Upon a baby-face."

Just Write "St."

To wind up the party "The B" was called upon. She remembered, she said, a young nun who had died, and an older nun who was asked to write something about the dead. "Why", the older nun said, "there's nothing to write about her. She never did anything. She came here at 15 and died at 25. Who could write about her?"

"You've guessed", she said, "that the dead nun was the Little Flower. Had she not, under obedience, written her own life, she might never have been heard about. But, as it happened, the pope put an St. in front of her name. If that is done to Mary-Tay a hundred years or so from now, I'll be satisfied; and so will she."

S. O. S.

IF YOU HAVE A TYPEWRITER YOU DO NOT NEED . . . IF YOU KNOW ANYONE WHO HAS A TYPEWRITER HE DOES NOT NEED . . . PLEASE REMEMBER US . . . WE NEED TYPEWRITERS DESPERATELY. THE GROWTH OF THE APOSTOLATE HAS BROUGHT EXPANSIONS IN ALL DEPARTMENTS, BUT ESPECIALLY IN THOSE THAT REQUIRE TYPEWRITERS. OUR LADY HAS SENT US TYPISTS . . . BUT ALAS ALSO A SHORTAGE OF TYPEWRITERS. PLEASE !!

LETTER TO ST. MARTHA

Dear St. Martha, Thank you, thank you, thank you. You must have liked the idea of asking all our friends named Martha, Mary and Joseph, to help us build that kitchen. For they did help. The net result of your "conferences" with them, is that the kitchen addition is going up. Even as I write the workmen are busy putting up the walls. When all will be finished, we will have a kitchen of some 35 feet by 24 feet. That to us is immense after our little one.

There is still a catch in the matter. With your help we collected TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS. And, if you remember, we told you that the addition would cost THREE thousand. So, we will be owing our good contractor ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS, on which he has agreed to take a rain check for a LITTLE WHILE. He cannot make it a long while, because he is not a rich man either.

So, St. Martha, we have a just debt to pay by— say December 1st of this year. May I place this debt of ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS in your most capable hands, and (this time without any suggestions from us) let you "collect" it for us. Thank you again dearest and very beloved Saint, and please, please remember the deadline for that THOUSAND DOLLARS.

WE MUST PAY OFF!
Gratefully; All at Madonna House.

Our Lady of October

Our Lady of October
Your Heart is delicate,
Mother of God!
Mystical Rose!
Your Heart is sensitive,
This word, this thought
This detail I forgot . . .
Wounds IT!

I fear to wound Your Heart!

Teach me not to fear!
Teach me love,
When I kneel—a penitent
I fear
This is a holy fear—a fear of
love.
But teach me not to fear
Teach me perfect love
For perfect love casts out all
fear.

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